

BROUGHT TO THE TAXIDERMIST

Things Familiar and Curious in Great Variety and from All Parts.

There are brought to the taxidermist, to be mounted, birds and animals and other things in a great variety. A boy may find in the woods a turtle that catches his fancy; he takes it to the taxidermist, gets it mounted, and puts it in his cabinet. Sometimes turtles are mounted for paper weights. Horses' hoofs to be mounted are brought in by horsemen. A woman whose pet horse died had one of its hoofs mounted with silver bands for use as a paper weight. Bears' paws are often mounted as letter weights. The hunter may have shot a bear at a season when its fur is poor and its skin is not worth mounting as a rug or as an animal, but the paws are all right, and he has them mounted and keeps one for himself and gives the rest to his friends. More birds than animals are brought to be mounted, and the birds most commonly brought are highlanders, robins, blue jays and hawks. Among animals the most common is the squirrel. A boy who shoots a fine squirrel with a nice tail likes to get it mounted, sitting up holding a nut in its paws. Fox tails captured in the chase are brought to the taxidermist, and so are fox heads.

Many pet dogs and cats and monkeys and canaries are brought to be mounted. Often, when it dies, the hunter has his favorite hunting dog mounted in an attitude peculiar to it; if a pointer, for instance, pointing. Other dogs, ratters, or fighters that may have been remarkable, are brought in to be mounted. Not infrequently small alligators are brought to the taxidermist, and sometimes larger ones. A while ago a business man of this city requested a friend who was going to Florida to send him a little alligator; visitors often bring or send north little alligators of a foot or less in length. The friend bought the biggest alligator he could find in Florida; weight, about a ton, and length, 14 feet, and sent that north. In the course of time it died, and then its owner sent it to the taxidermist, had it mounted, and suspended it from the ceiling of his store.

There was brought to the taxidermist recently, for a social club in whose title the word lobster appears, a lobster weighing 22 pounds. To the same taxidermist there was once brought a lobster weighing 32 pounds. Many fishes are brought to the taxidermist; trout, black bass, muskellunge, tarpon, and many others, large and small, of both fresh and salt water. There was lately brought to a New York taxidermist a striped bass weighing 45 pounds. Usually the smaller fishes are mounted entire; of the big fishes generally but half the fish is mounted. In the hunting season the taxidermist receives many specimens to be mounted, including a wide variety of game and game heads from many regions. Many hunters have horns mounted in the usual manner, or perhaps, for a hat rack or some article of furniture. Horns have been mounted as candelabra. Hunters often have skins mounted as rugs.

Sea captains bring to the taxidermist to be mounted, for themselves, or perhaps to give away to their friends, strange and curious things from all parts of the world, including sea birds and tropical birds.—N. Y. Sun.

EDUCATION OF GIRLS.

A Knowledge of Domestic Work the Most Essential.

Whether or not a girl should have a college education is a question that has agitated very many able minds.

It would seem, after a careful survey of the situation, that this question is less important than whether she should have a sensible, practical knowledge of home life. Whatever may be a woman's surroundings, the ability to order and control the affairs of a household is of prime importance. In fact, it may be said to be an indispensable accessory to womanliness. It matters not whether she may be forced to preside over a household, the ability to do it is something to be proud of. It ought to be taken for granted that a woman should know something about the household. But, above all, she should, from her earliest childhood, be able to handle her needle skillfully.

A girl should be taught to sew as soon as she is taught to read, and never ought to consider herself reasonably equipped for life until she is able to repair her own clothing and make the dainty little fixings that are, or should be, the delight of the feminine heart. Every child can learn this, and the parent or guardian who does not insist upon it is making a very great mistake.

Many a woman has found the happiness of her future turning upon the question as to whether she was capable of looking after the house and her own wardrobe. Many a man has hesitated about uniting himself for life to a woman who could only smile and look pretty, and enjoy being made love to. This is a good part of love's young dream, but in many cases it is not fast colors and will fade out under the trials and tribulations of life. Attractions that are based on practical qualities are like buildings with solid and substantial foundations, and are much more likely to be lasting than those that have only beauty and sweetness to recommend them.—N. Y. Ledger.

Agility of Birds for Work.

Birds are able to work at a higher rate than any other animal—that is, they can develop more energy in proportion to their weight by working at a higher temperature, and this necessitates a warm coating of feathers as a protection from the cold atmosphere.—Chicago Tribune.

TALMAGE'S SERMON.

The Noted Preacher Eulogizes a Precious But Humble Stone.

Hark to the Choirs in White When the Gates of Carbuncle Are Passed and the Wreath of Sins Sinks to Its Eternal Rest.

The subject of Talmage's sermon Sunday was, "Gates of Carbuncle," the text being, Isa., liv. 12, "And I will make thy windows of agates and thy gates of carbuncles."

Perhaps because a human disease of most painful and oftentimes fatal character is named after it, the church and the world have never done justice to that intense and all-suggestive precious stone, the carbuncle. The pearl that Christ picked up to illustrate his sermon, and the jasper and the sapphire and the amethyst which the apocalyptic vision masoned into the wall of Heaven have had proper recognition, but this, in all the ages, is the first sermon on the carbuncle.

This precious stone is found in the East Indies, in color an immense scarlet, and held up between your eye and the sun it is a burning coal. The poet puts it into rhythm as he writes:

"Like to the burning coals whence come its name,  
Among the Greeks as Anthrax known to fame."

God sets it high up in Bible crystallography. He cuts it with a divine chisel, shapes it with a precise geometry, and kindles its fires into an almost supernatural flame of beauty. Its laws of symmetry, its law of zone, its law of parallelism, is something to excite the amazement of the scientist, chime the cantos of the poet, and arouse the adoration of the Christian. No one but the infinite God could fashion a carbuncle as large as your thumb nail, and as if to make all ages appreciate this precious stone He ordered it set in the first row of the high priest's breast plate in olden time and higher up than the onyx and the emerald and the diamond, and in Ezekiel's prophecies concerning the splendors of the Tyrian court, the carbuncle is mentioned, the brilliant colors of the walls and of the tessellated floors suggested by the Bible sentence, "Thou hast walked up and down in the midst of the stones of fire!" But in my text it is not a solitary specimen that I hand you, as the keeper of a museum might take down from the shelf a precious stone and allow you to examine it. Nor is it the panel of a door that you might stand and study for its unique carvings or bronzed traceries, but there is a whole gate of it lifted before our admiring and astonished vision, aye! two gates of it, aye! many gates of it: "I will make thy gates of carbuncles."

What gates? Gates of the church. Gates of anything worth possessing. Gates of successful enterprise. Gates of salvation. Gates of national achievement. Isaiah, who wrote this text, wrote also all that about Christ "as the Lamb to the slaughter," and spoke of Christ as saying, "I have trod the winepress alone," and wrote, "Who is this that cometh from Edom, with dyed garments from Bozrah?" And do you think that Isaiah in my text merely happened to represent the gates as red gates, as carmine gates, as gates of carbuncle? No. He means that it is through atonement, through blood-red struggle, through agonies we get into anything worth getting into. Heaven's gates may as well be made of pearl, a bright, pellucid, cheerful crystallization, because all the struggles are over, and there is beyond those gates nothing but raptures and cantata and triumphal procession and everlasting holiday and kiss of reunion, and so the 12 gates are 12 pearls, and could be nothing else than pearls. But Christ hoisted the gates of pardon in His own blood, and the marks of eight fingers and He lifted the gate it leaned against His forehead and took from it a crimson impress, and all those gates are deeply dyed, and Isaiah was right when he spoke of those gates as gates of carbuncle.

What an odd thing it is, think some, this idea of vicarious suffering or suffering for others! Not at all. The world has seen vicarious suffering millions of times before Christ came and demonstrated it on a scale that eclipsed all that went before and all that shall come after. Rachel lived only long enough after the birth of her son to give him a name. In faint whisper she said: "Call him Ben-oni," which means "son of my pain," and all modern travelers on the road from Jerusalem to Bethel uncover their heads and stand reverently at the tomb of Rachel who died for her boy. But in all ages how many mothers die for their children, who by rearing stab clear through the mother's heart! Suffering for others? Why, the world is full of it. "Jump!" said the engineer to the fireman on the locomotive. "One of us is enough to die Jump!" And so the engineer died at his post, trying to save the train. When this summer the two trains crashed into each other near Atlantic City, among the 47 who lost their lives the engineer was found dead with one hand on the throttle of the locomotive and the other on the brake. Aye! there are hundreds here to-day suffering for others. You know and God knows that it is vicarious sacrifice. But on one limestone hill about twice the height of this church, five minutes' walk from the gates of Jerusalem, was the sublimest case of suffering for others that the world ever saw or ever will see. Christ, the victim, human and satanic malevolence the executioner, the whole human race having an overwhelming interest in the spectacle. To open a way for us sinful men and sinful women into glorious pardon and high hope and eternal exultation, Christ, with head dripping with the rush of opened arteries, swung back the gate, and behold! it is a red gate, a gate of deepest hue, a gate of carbuncle.

What is true in spirituals is true in temporals. There are young men and older men who hope, through the right settlement of this scrial controversy be-

tween silver and gold, or the bimetallic quarrel, that it will become easy to make a living. That time will never come. It never has been easy to make a living. The men who have it very easy now went through hardships and self-denials to which most young men would never consent. Unless they got it by inheritance, you can not mention 90 men who have come to honorable fortune that did not fight their way inch by inch, and against fearful odds that again and again almost destroyed them. For some good reason God has arranged it for all the centuries that the only way for most people to get a livelihood for themselves and their families is with both hands and all the allied forces of body, mind and soul to push back and push open the red gate, the gate of carbuncle. For the benefit of all young men, if I had the time, I would call the roll of those who overcame the obstacle. How many of the mighty men who went one way on Pennsylvania avenue and reached the United States senate, or walked the other way on Pennsylvania avenue and reached the white house, did not have to climb over political obliquity? Not one. How much scorn and scoff and brutal attack did Horace Mann endure between the time when he first began to fight for a better common school system in Massachusetts, and the day when a statue in honor of him was placed on the steps of the state house overlooking "The Commons."

Read the biography of Robert Hall, the Baptist preacher, who, though he had been pronounced a dunce at school, lived to thrill the world with his Christian eloquence; and of George Peabody, who never owned a carriage and denied himself all luxuries that he might while living and after death, through his last will and testament, devote his uncounted millions to the education of the poor people in England and America; and of Bishop James, who, in boyhood, worked his passage from Ireland to America, and became the joy of Methodism and a blessing to the race. Go to the biographical alcove in city, state or national library, and find at least every other book an illustration of overcome obstacle and of carmine gate that had to be forced open.

What is true of individuals is true of nations. Was it a mild spring morning when the Pilgrim Fathers landed on Plymouth Rock, and did they come in a gilded yacht, gray streamers flying? No. It was in cold December, and from a ship in which one would not want to cross the Hudson or Potomac river. Scarping knives already to receive them, they landed, their only welcome the Indian war whoop. Red men on the beach. Red men in the forest. Red men on the mountains. Red men in the valleys. Living gates of red men. Gates of carbuncle!

Aboriginal hostility pushed back, surely now our forefathers will have nothing to do but to take easy possession of the fairest continent under the sun. The skies so genial, the soil so fertile, the rivers so populous with fish, life, the acreage so immense, there will be nothing to do but eat, drink and be merry. No. The most powerful nation, by army and navy, sounded its protest across 3,000 miles of water. Then came Lexington and Bunker Hill, and Monmouth and Long Island battles, and Valley Forge and Yorktown, and starvation and widowhood and orphanage, and the thirteen colonies went through sufferings which the historian has attempted to put upon paper and the artist to put upon canvas, but all in vain. Engraver's knife, and reporter's skill, and telegraphic wire, and daily press, which have made us acquainted with the horrors of modern battle-field, had not yet begun their vigilance, and the story of the American revolution has never been told, and never will be told. It did not take much ink to sign the Declaration of Independence, but it took a terrific amount of blood to maintain it. It was an awful gate of opposition that the men and women—the women as much as the men—pushed back. It was a gate of self-sacrifice. It was a gate of blood. It was a gate of carbuncle.

We are not indebted to history for our knowledge of the greatest of national crisis. Many of us remember it, and fathers and mothers now living had better keep telling that story to their children, so that instead of their being dependent upon cold type and obliged to say, "On such a page of such a book you can read that," will they rather be able to say, "My father told me so!" "My mother told me so!" Men and women who vividly remember 1801, and 1802, and 1803, and 1804, be yourselves the historians telling it, not with pen, but with living tongue and voice and gesture. That is the great use of Memorial Decoration day, for the calla lilies on the grave tops soon become breathless of perfume, and in a week turn to dust like unto that which lies beneath them. But the story of courage and self-sacrifice and patriotism told on platforms and in households and by the roadside and in churches and in cemeteries, by that annual recital will be kept fresh in memory of generations as long as our American institutions are worthy of preservation. Long after you are dead your children will be able to say, with the psalmist, "We have heard with our ears, O God, our fathers have told us, what work thou didst in their days, in the time of old." But what a time it was! Four years of homesickness! Four years of brotherly and sisterly estrangement! Four years of martyrdom! Four years of massacre! Put them in a long line, the conflagration of cities, and aze them light up a whole continent! Put them in long rows, the hospitals, making a vast metropolis of pain and paroxysm! Gather them in one vast assemblage, the millions of bereft from the St. Lawrence to the Pacific beaches! Put the tears into lakes and the blood into rivers, and the shrieks into whirl winds. During the four years many good and wise men at the north, and the south saw nothing ahead, but annihilation. With such a national debt

we could never meet our obligations. With such mortal antipathies northern and southern men could never come into amity! Representatives of Louisiana and Georgia and the Carolinas could never again sit sides by side with the representatives of Maine, Massachusetts and New York at the national capital. Lord John Russell had declared that we were "a bubble-bursting nationality," and it had come true. The nations of Europe had gathered with very resigned spirits at the funeral of our American republic. They had tolled the bells on parliaments and reichstags and lowered their flags at half-mast, and even the lion on the other side of the sea had whined for the dead eagle on this side. The deep grave had been dug, and beside Babylon, and Thebes, and Tyre, and other dead nations of the past our republic was to be buried. The epitaph was already: "Here lies the American republic. Born at Philadelphia, 4th of July, 1776. Killed at Bull Run July 21, 1861. Aged 85 years and 17 days. Peace to its ashes." But before the obsequies had quite closed there was an interruption of the ceremonies, and our dead nation rose from its mortuary surroundings. God had made for it a special Resurrection Day, and cried: "Come forth, thou Republic of Washington, and John Adams, and Thomas Jefferson, and Patrick Henry, and John Hancock, and Daniel Webster, and S. S. Prentiss and Henry Clay. Come forth!" and she came forth, to be stronger than she had ever been. Her mightiest prosperities have come since that time. Who would want to push back this country to what it was in 1860 or 1861? But, oh! what a high gate, what a strong gate, she had to push back before she could make one step in advance! Gate of fame. See Norfolk navy yard, and Columbia, and Chambersburg, and Charleston, on fire! Gate of bayonets! See glittering rifles and carbines flash from the Susquehanna, and the James, to the Mississippi, and the Arkansas! Gate of heavy artillery, making the mountains of Tennessee and Kentucky and Virginia tremble as though the earth itself were struggling in its last agony. The gate was so fiery and so red that I can think of nothing more appropriate than to take the suggestion of Isaiah in the text and call it a gate of carbuncles.

This country has been for the most part of its history passing through crises, and after each crisis was better off than before it entered it, and now we are at another crisis. We are told on one hand that if gold is kept as a standard, and silver is not elevated, confidence will be restored and this nation will rise triumphant from all the financial misfortunes that have been afflicting us. On the other hand, we are told that if the free coinage of silver is allowed, all the wheels of business will revolve, the poor man will have a better chance, and all our industries will begin to hum and roar. During the last presidential elections I have been urged to enter the political arena, but I never have and never will turn the pulpit in which I preach into a political stump. Every minister must do as he feels called to do, and I will not criticize him for doing what he considers his duty; but all the political harangues from pulpits from now until the 3d of November will not in all the United States change one vote, but will leave many ears stopped against anything that such clargymen may utter the rest of their lives. As a general rule the laymen of churches understand politics better than the clergy, because they (the laymen) study politics more than the clergy and have better opportunity of being intelligent on those subjects. But good morals, honesty, loyalty, Christian patriotism and the Ten Commandments—these we must preach. God says distinctly in the Bible, "The silver and the gold are mine," and he will settle the controversy between those two metals. If ever this country needed the Divine rescue, it needs it now. Never within my memory have so many people literally starved to death as in the past few months. Have you noticed in the newspapers how many men and women here and there have been found dead, the post-mortem examination stating that the cause of death was hunger? There is not a day that we do not hear the crash of some great commercial establishment, and as a consequence many people are thrown out of employment. Among what we considered comfortable homes have come privation and close calculation and economy that kills. Millions of people who say nothing about it are at this moment at their wits' end. There are millions of people who do not want charity, but want work. The cry has gone up to the ears of the "Lord of Sabbath," and the prayer will be heard and relief will come. If we have anything better to depend on than American politics, relief will never come. Whoever is elected to the presidency the wheels of government turn so slowly, and a cancan in yonder white building on the hill may tie the hands of any president. Now, though we who live in the District of Columbia can not vote, we can pray, and my prayer day and night shall be, "O God, hear the cry of the souls from under the altar. Thou who hast brought the wheat and corn of this season to such magnitude of supply, give food to man and beast. Thou who hast not where to lay Thy head, pity the shelterless. Thou who has brought to perfection the cotton of the south and the flax of the north, clothe the naked. Thou who hast filled the mine with coal, give fuel to the shivering. Bring bread to the body, intelligence to the mind and salvation to the soul of all the people. God save the nation!"

But we must admit it is a hard gate to push back. Millions of this hands have been pushed at it without making it swing on its hard hinges. It is a gate made out of empty flour barrels, and cold grates; and worn-out apparel, and cheerless homes, and unsanitized sickness, and ghastliness, and horror. It is a gate of struggle. A gate of paucity. A gate of want.

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THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

International Lesson for October 4, 1896.—Solomon Anointed King—1 Kings 1:28-39.

[Arranged from Peloubet's Notes.] Golden Text.—Keep the charge of the Lord thy God, to walk in His ways.—1 Kings 2:3.

The Section includes 1 Kings 1 to 2:3; 1 Chronicles 28 and 29; and Psalm 45, describing the marriage, probably of Solomon, with a foreign princess; and Psalm 72, a psalm of Solomon expressing his ideal of the kingdom. Both psalms have a typical outlook to the Messiah and His kingdom.

Time.—Solomon became sole king in B. C. 1015, having first reigned six months in conjunction with his father.

Place.—His capital was at Jerusalem.

LESSON NOTES.

Three influences brought Solomon to the throne. (1) His inheritance as the son of David. (2) His fitness for the place and the work, while the other heirs, "such men as Amnon, Absalom and Adonijah—men of fierce passions and haughty temperament—would be singularly unfitted to carry out the peaceful and religious designs which David wished to bequeath to his successor."—Farrar. (3) His choice and adoption by the people.

David was growing old, and the infirmities of age were rapidly growing upon him. "He was not much more than 70, and in modern times many men at that age are full of vigor. But the Jews at this period rarely outlived the three score and ten of man's allotted time. Indeed Solomon and Manasseh were the only kings of Judah who survived the age of 60."—Farrar. The question of his successor must have been in everyone's thoughts.

Adonijah, the son of Haggrith, who had been born to David at Hebron, and was thus a man of between 30 and 40, had become, by the death of Absalom, the heir to the throne, if the succession were determined by strict descent. Like his elder half-brother, he was famous at once for his manly beauty and by showing no fitness for the throne, intellectually or otherwise.

Taking advantage of David's increased feebleness (1 King 1:1), he resolved to make himself king. When Adonijah thought his project ripe he invited his adherents, with all the king's sons (except Solomon), who seem to have shared his jealousy, to a great banquet at the rock of Zohelet near Jeruel, a fountain close to Jerusalem on the southeast, "in the royal garden," according to Josephus, and probably near Siloam. Here, amid the mirth of the festival the cry was raised: "Long live King Adonijah." Joab, the mighty warrior, and Abiathar, one of the high priests, were among the abettors.

But Solomon had been previously, perhaps secretly, selected by David as his most fitting successor. Nathan, the prophet, learning of the proceedings of Adonijah, immediately set to work to defeat the plan. He informed Bathsheba of what was going on, and she went to David and told him; while she was yet speaking Nathan himself came in and confirmed her report.

28. "Then King David said, call me Bathsheba," who "had retired before Nathan entered, in accordance with oriental ideas of propriety. So when Bathsheba was again sent for (v. 28) Nathan retired (v. 32)."—Cook.

29. "And the king sware and said: 'The king had no hesitation, but, with his old-time energy and rapidity, from his sickbed he issued his orders, "Hath redeemed my soul out of all distress." The repeated deliverance out of straits and danger—"out of the hand of his enemies, and out of the hand of Saul,"—was one of the most remarkable features of David's life, and it is no wonder that he repeatedly commemorates it, converting every adjuration into an act of thanksgiving.—Pulpit Commentary.

32. "Call me Zadok the priest, and Nathan the prophet, and Benaiah the son of Jehoiada." The order of names marks the position of the persons with respect to the matter in hand.

33. "The servants of your Lord: The Cherethites and Pelethites, who formed the royal body-guard (see v. 38). Perhaps also the Gileadites, or "mighty men." "Cause Solomon . . . to ride upon mine own mule." The Rabbinists tell us that it was death to ride on the king's mule without permission; and thus it would be more evident to all that the proceedings with respect to Solomon had David's sanction. "Bring him down to Gihon." Either the valley that ran from the Damascus gate between the temple hill and Mount Zion—called afterwards the Tyropoeum—or the valley west of Jerusalem.

34. "Anoint him there." The anointing was the most solemn portion of the ceremonies connected with the installation of a new king. We only read of its being done on some very marked occasions. "Blow ye with the trumpet;" to proclaim to all the announcement that Solomon was king.

35. "That he may come:" up to Zion and the palace. "And sit upon my throne:" as David's partner and successor. He reigned about six months as coregent.

36. "Benaiah:" the commander in chief of Solomon's army, in place of Joab. His father, Jehoiada, was a chief priest. "Amen:" so let it be.

37. "Make his throne greater than the throne of my Lord King David." Every wise father is glad to see his son do better than he himself has done. And doubly so when he thinks of the people and the cause, and not of himself.

Figs and Thistles.

It is always expensive to be wrong. Closing the heart against men keeps God out.

The man who does well to-day may do better to-morrow. The trouble about sowing wild oats is, that the same hand that sows must do the reaping.

The truth may be buried, but this world is too small to make a grave deep enough to hold it.

Are you doing anything for the Lord that your best friends don't know any-thing about?—Ram's Horn.

Fall Hood's Sarsaparilla

The Best—in fact the One True Blood Purifier. Hood's Pills cure Liver Ills; easy to take, easy to operate. 25c.

A POPULAR FALLACY.

Fall in Temperature of Ocean Does Not Indicate Presence of Ice.

For many years an opinion existed among seamen and others that a fall in the sea-surface temperature implied nearness of ice. Nothing, says the Nautical Magazine, can be more remote from the truth, though shore folk still perpetuate this fiction in books and newspapers. A sudden fall in sea-surface temperature is likely near the Agulhas, the Japanese current, the gulf stream, while running the Easting down in the South Indian ocean, in the South Atlantic about 40 degrees south, 40 degrees west, and elsewhere; and this, whether icebergs be near or hundreds of miles away. Capt. S. T. Lecky, R. N. R., to whom the nautical profession is indebted for his "Wrinkles in Practical Navigation," was probably the first to draw the attention of his brethren to this fact. In the ninth edition of his book he points out that "allied to fog is the question of danger from ice. It is a popular delusion among passengers on board ship that, by taking the temperature of the water at short intervals, the approach to ice is unfailingly indicated. Unfortunately such is by no means the fact, and it is time the idea was exploded. More than ordinarily cold water merely shows that the ship is in a part of the ocean where ice may possibly be encountered, and not that it is actually present." Shipmasters of repute freely confess, with Capt. Evans, of the Tainui, that they have "never found sea temperature fall lower when near ice than when several miles away" from the danger.

Death-Dealing Guns.

Quick-firing guns are more depended upon at the present day than extreme length of range, and in this respect what is considered the most wonderful of guns, perhaps, is one of the Maxim, which can fire as many as 600 shots a minute, and yet is so light that a soldier can carry it strapped to his back.

Don't Tobacco Spit and Smoke Your Life Away.

If you want to quit tobacco using easily and forever, be made well, strong, vigorous, full of new life and vigor, take No-To-Bac, the wonder-worker that makes weak men strong. Many gain ten pounds in ten days. Over 400,000 cured. Buy No-To-Bac from your own druggist, who will guarantee a cure. Booklet and sample mailed free. Ad. Sterling Remedy Co., Chicago or New York.

"My boy, it is high time a check was placed on your performances." "Thank you, father. Please make it payable on sight."

"We have not been without Piso's Cure for Consumption for 30 years."—LIZZIE FRANK, Camp St., Harrisburg, Pa., May 4, '94.

"What shall I do with this article on the city drinking water?" said the Chicago editor's assistant. "Boil it down," was the reply.—Vogue.

CASCARETS stimulate liver, kidneys and bowels. Never sicken, weaken or gripe.

ADVICE is seldom welcome. Those who need it most take it least.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally. Price 75c.

Which goes the quickest—a full minute or a spare moment?

Just try a 10c box of Cascarets, the finest liver and bowel regulator ever made.

A PEN may be driven, but the pencil does better when it is lead.



Gladness Comes

With a better understanding of the transient nature of the many physical ills, which vanish before proper efforts—gentle efforts—pleasant efforts—rightly directed. There is comfort in the knowledge, that so many forms of sickness are not due to any actual disease, but simply to a constipated condition of the system, which the pleasant family laxative, Syrup of Figs, promptly removes. That is why it is the only remedy with millions of families, and is everywhere esteemed so highly by all who value good health. Its beneficial effects are due to the fact, that it is the one remedy which promotes internal cleanliness without debilitating the organs on which it acts. It is therefore all important, in order to get its beneficial effects, to note when you purchase, that you have the genuine article, which is manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co. only and sold by all reputable druggists.

If in the enjoyment of good health, and the system is regular, laxatives or other remedies are then not needed. If afflicted with any actual disease, one may be commended to the most skillful physicians, but if in need of a laxative, one should have the best, and with the well-informed everywhere, Syrup of Figs stands highest and is most largely used and gives most general satisfaction.

